

Sunday Advertiser.

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Rambles in the Garden Island --- On the Waimea Side ---

--- BY H. M. AYRES ---

WAIMEA, October 10.—There is one excellent thing about Waimea landing and that is the baggage truck which takes passengers' impedimenta the length of the wharf. Arrived at the shore end of the landing the stranger

only hearsay, however, and he knew no one who could act as guide.

A Fair Valley.

From the fort I wandered up the valley road with Waimea river on my right. The road is lined with pretty

sentinel cocoa palm. Some of the pleasantest and most picturesque homes in the district are situated in this area of wet land, through which the grass-grown path winds its way.

After supper I stroll along the wharf for a smoke. A number of Japanese are fishing with hook and line for the small aweoweo which have been running all along the coast for several weeks. They have caught but a few for the swell has been quite heavy of late and has stirred up the sand about the landing to such an extent the fish have left for cleaner, clearer water. One catches a moi, another a small akule and then a wahine pulls out a big, white eel.

The steady pounding of the waves on the beach exerts a soporific influence and after a final pipe, retirement for the night is in order.

Kekaha and Mana.

Next morning, after a dip in the sea, I set out by road for Kekaha and Mana, the place where the sand bars when sufficiently irritated. Bathing off Waimea beach is pleasant enough, but there

climb to the top of the hill and for another one to pull him down by the feet. This irritated the sand grows like a puppy who is bent on stealing a piece of meat from a cat. Just why the sand should get huffy at this treatment I can't say. Its disposition, however, has probably been soured by ages of loneliness, and the descriptions that have been from time to time written of it have probably made it misanthropic. This is the sand which it was once suggested would yield a fortune if shipped away and sold as bottled watchdogs.

A tourist once took a bag of the sand away with him, intending to show it to his friends at home. He placed the sack on the steamer's deck and some one dumped it overboard, leaving the sack on deck, however. The next morning the tourist complained to the captain that his sand had disappeared. The skipper told him that the sand had undoubtedly barked itself away and that he should have chained the sack up.

I ate lunch on the sand-hill and in this instance at least, the bite was better than the bark.

Near the Barking Sands, at Nohili, is a famous bathing beach, and to this day the Hawaiians believe that immunity from some forms of sickness and good luck in some sorts of ventures may be secured by bathing there.

Over the Mountains.

Kauai offers unique facilities for camping and tramping trips. All around the island there are an endless number of canyons and valleys, well worth visiting if one has the time and a love for the inspiring and beautiful. There is a trail from Waimea to Hanalei, but no one has gone over it for many years in its entirety. The going is good to Knudsen's mountain house, Halemann, thirteen miles from Waimea. Then there are a number of deep gorges to be crossed before the Alakai swamp is reached. The trail leads through the swamp and to make this trip one should be accompanied by a guide for the morass is treacherous in places and apparently secure grass-covered spots have a nasty way of capsizing when stepped upon. The trail runs out of the swamp to Kiloahua at an altitude of 4020 feet. Here is the jumping-off place for it is next to impossible to connect with the trail running down the

probably run through innumerable gorges into the sea on the western side of the island. The Waimea canyon was in all probability created by a later disturbance and diverted the flows of fresh water toward Waimea, leaving the western side of the island arid and bare.

Tramps and Trips.

There is no reason why time should hang heavily on the hands of the visitor to Waimea. Beside the trips mentioned there are other sight-seeing excursions to be made. Waimea canyon, likened to the Grand Canyon of Colorado in miniature, is easily accessible on horseback and is one of nature's wonderful scenic masterpieces. Pun Kapale, with an elevation of 3,000 feet, is the general objective point and the trail to this place overlooks the canyon all the way. The distance from Waimea is about six miles. With its wonderful castled crags, peaks, precipice and branching gorges running back into the heart of the island, presenting a perfect kaleidoscope of colors and lights and shades, the canyon presents scenery which once viewed is not likely ever to be forgotten.

Brilliance of coloring is common to the Pacific islands, but on Kauai it is found as nowhere else. It is the fire and glow of the volcano come to life again in the decomposing rock, in the grass and trees and the flowers feeding thereon.

Then there is the Olokele ditch to be visited, a notable engineering feat, performed amid scenes of weird wildness and exquisite beauty. An auto road leads to the ditch house, about eleven and a half miles from Waimea.

Still another trip well worth making is the Hanapepe falls, "Manawalepuna," at the head of the picturesque Hanapepe canyon. Half the trip may be made in a carriage and the rest on horseback.

It is safe to say that nowhere in the Hawaiian Islands is such a wealth of scenic riches spread for the delectation and entertainment of tourists as in the district of Waimea and thereabouts.

Local Politics.

Last Saturday some politicians arrived at Waimea and for a time the peace and restfulness of the place was sadly shattered. They autored to Kekaha and getting an audience strove to promulgate the doctrine of Democracy in the district. While the leader was speaking a prominent local family, the Knudsens, to whom the speaker had been referring in no particularly complimentary terms, drove up in their machine and listened to the demagogues for a while. The antics of a saved-off though very eloquent little native orator seemed to amuse them immensely and when the meeting was over the occupants of the car shook hands with the speakers and wished them luck, which was a very sporting thing to do, considering that the latter were staunch Republicans.

In the evening the politicians spouted to a fair-sized crowd at Waimea. The speakers were pelted and wela ka hooed right liberally, though there is no reason to doubt that the Republicans will receive exactly the same welcome from exactly the same audience when they fare this way.

Waimea professes to be Republican. The natives are "advised" that it will

as in the instances of the gun and the gate, the machinery of the court wouldn't be put in motion.

Good Old Saturday Night.

Saturday night was a great occasion in Waimea. There was an unusually high tide caused by a heavy southerly swell and the water came pretty well up to the roadway, though no damage was done. After the political meeting the crowd gathered to witness an exhibition of moving pictures. Something went wrong with the works, however, and the pictures failed to move. The hall was then cleared and a dance started. This was preceded by a slight misunderstanding between the proprietor of the hall and the would-be dancers, the former demanding some trifling financial compensation which the latter refused to pay. Finally matters were adjusted and the dance went merrily on to the strains of an accordion. The fun was at its height when a policeman appeared on the scene and chivied home several little girls who had been shaking their feet as ably as their grown-up partners. This automatic proceeding put a damper on the proceedings and soon after the lights went out. Kauai is evidently moral in its dance-hall ideas.

The Olokele Trail.

Yesterday I tramped along the Olokele ditch, fifteen miles up the trail. The best way is to take a carriage as far as the ditch house, a distance of ten miles from the road and a mile and a half further from Waimea, and to proceed thence on foot. The trail passes Francis Gay's residence and then winds through the sugar cane for about four miles. Emerging from the cane one passes through a barren country, swept by clouds of red and yellow dust, and where a dying vegetation pants for water. Before the ditch diverted the flow of the mountain stream the country hereabouts was pleasant and green. The mountain scenery is impressive but parched and ungrateful. Not till a point a mile or so from the ditch house is reached does the heart rejoice and the eye become content with its surroundings.

The scenery at the ditch house is pretty, but it is beyond that that the trip becomes worth the while. On the left is a gorge with a sheer drop of perhaps two thousand feet, at the bottom of which roars a mountain stream. Back of the far wall of the gorge are the wonderfully tinted sides of the canyon. There may be seen dome and minaret, pillar and pinnacle, buttress and cloud-spearer peak. Clad are they in garments of red and yellow and gray and olive and green, the shading changing with the progress of the sun.

In one great gully a brilliant rainbow stretches in all its perfection far below the trail, transforming the spot into a veritable fairyland. To and fro along the face of the tremendous cliffs fly the white-tailed tropic birds and along dizzy ledges wild goats crop the scant herbage.

On the right of the trail the upland is clad with kukui and other trees and the bank is covered with creepers, ferns and flowers. Here and there polas grow in abundance.

On and on runs the trail till on turning a sharp spur of rock one enters a misty valley from which proceeds the voice of many waterfalls. Soon the falls are seen and many a pleasant bathing-pool presents itself.

Ever to the left is the sheer drop of two thousand feet and ever on the right the fern-matted bank and the cool kukuis from branch to branch of which



ALONG THE PALM FRINGED ROAD.

looks, but looks in vain, for information as to the hotels of the place. Of these there are two. There are no runners to solicit patronage and no bus or stage to transport baggage. So few strangers, outside of the drummer fraternity, come to Waimea, that the proprietors of the respective hostilities are content to take whatever Providence sends their way in the way of custom without bothering about it themselves.

I was a stranger in Waimea and unacquainted with a soul. One by one the crowd on the wharf melted away until I was the only one left. No one spoke to me. A couple of dogs came and sniffed at my legs and I felt grateful to them for the attention.

It wasn't half bad on the landing, however, for the great crested combers were rolling in in rare style to the sloping beach and breaking in white wrath on the black sand; a sight which one may watch for a very long time without growing tired.

After a while I grabbed my baggage and soon brought up at the Bay View Hotel, run by a young fellow, well known in Honolulu—Dick Oliver. The house faces the sea and is a scant hundred yards removed from the same. It is as comfortable a place to stay as one could desire.

After a wash I set out to explore the town. It didn't take long. There are two streets. One leads to Hofgaard's store and the other to the valley. With-out the store Waimea would be as an egg which has been sucked.

On past the store is the river, spanned by what is by far the largest bridge in the islands. The stream is broad but shallow. Sometimes, however, the outlet gets blocked up with sand and then the fresh water backs up and flood conditions prevail along the river's banks.

A Russian Fort.

Just makai of the Makaweli end of the bridge is a trail leading to the Russian fort, described in promotion literature as "an interesting relic," and "situated on a bluff overlooking the harbor." I hunted round for some time but couldn't locate any fort, Russian or otherwise. Nor could I arrive at the bluff mentioned in the folder. While tramping aimlessly about in a panini thicket I disturbed a nest of yellow-jackets and there wasn't the slightest bit of bluff about them; they were strictly business.

After a while I came across a native man who was hunting for a lost mule in a sort of stone corral more than a quarter of a mile in circumference. I suspected that this was the fort, but the native man informed me that it was a heiau. Now I had been introduced to a real heiau down Kaopo way and knew better. The place had evidently been constructed as a fort and a formidable one it must have been in the days of its building, in an offensive as well as a defensive way, for it commanded the bay sweetly.

On returning to "town" I sought information as to the why and wherefore of the fort. Some folks had heard of it, a few had seen it, some pleaded ignorance of its existence. No one seemed to know its history and two or three referred me to Alexander's history, for further information. To a person with time, or to the antiquarian, the place is well worth thorough investigation. A small boy told me that there was a tunnel leading from the fort right down to the river shore. His information was



BEAUTIFUL WAIMEA CANYON.

homesteads and to the left stretch are upon acre of ricefields. Cocoa palm, as well as oranges and many other varieties of fruit trees. The valley is a wonderfully fair spot and as one walks on and on, ahead of him are ever the marvelously colored mountains which bound the famous Waimea canyon, which, though hardly a mile in width, is three thousand feet deep in places. The canyon has an area of more than twenty-five square miles and is one of the most magnificent show places in the Territory.

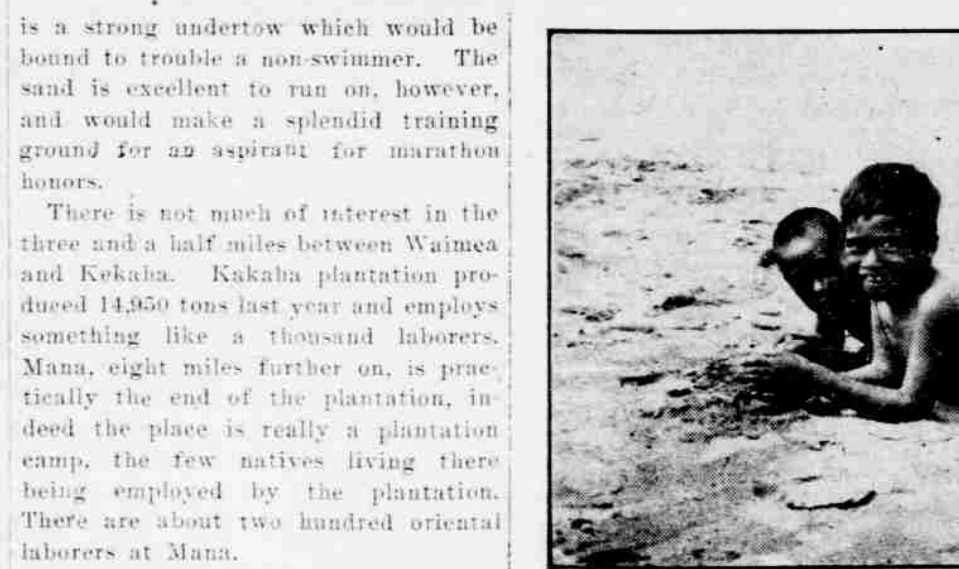
The Waimea river abounds with opeu and mullet, while the small ulua sometimes work up from the sea in quantities.

After a while one comes to the junction of the Waimea and Makaweli rivers and the road runs along the former for a short distance, after which it travels the foot of an immense bluff along the face of which a pipe-line has been strung, taking water from far up mauka to the sugar fields of Waimea plantation. On ledges far above the road pigeons make their nests and the white-tailed tropic bird finds a home.

Rice grows splendidly hereabouts and the Chinese cultivators wage continuous warfare on the small birds which pillage the patches. A favorite device to scare them is to crisscross the field with lines to which at intervals are attached empty oil cans with a stone or two inside. A pake at the end of a line gives it an occasional pull and the racket that ensues is supposed to scare the little feathered robbers. Maybe it does. It seemed to me, however, that when the alarm sounded, the birds ducked down among the stalks and after lying low till the noise subsided, went back to business at their old stands.

The road runs for miles up the valley, but I turned back when I came to a spot where the stream crosses it. On the way back one may notice on the other side of the valley and on the top of the ridge a cemetery, marked by the red earth turned up. There the valley people still bury their dead. The coffin has to be carried up an almost perpendicular hillside, and is usually borne by a dozen or more friends and relatives of the deceased. The sleepers on the hillside certainly have a fair start on the way to heaven.

A path across the ricefields presents itself and I follow its green allurements, trusting that it will lead me somewhere near the place at which I started. It is a delightful, winding path running through rice and taro patches. Here and there are flower-hidden kuleanas, and every now and again one passes a



WAIMEA VALLEY.

is a strong undertow which would be bound to trouble a non-swimmer. The sand is excellent to run on, however, and would make a splendid training ground for an aspirant for marathon honors.

There is not much of interest in the three and a half miles between Waimea and Kekaha. Kakaha plantation produced 14,950 tons last year and employs something like a thousand laborers. Mana, eight miles further on, is practically the end of the plantation, indeed the place is really a plantation camp, the few natives living there being employed by the plantation. There are about two hundred oriental laborers at Mana.

Kekaha cane is grown right up to Potihale where the flats join the pali and the gulches and gorges are impassable as far as Kuleana. The cane is grown in a comparatively narrow strip about twelve miles long.

The road to Mana from Kekaha lies through cane and ricefields and the further one goes toward the pali the hotter it becomes. Along the beach there is nothing to see with the exception of Kokole Point lighthouse, situated about half way between Kekaha and Mana.

The Barking Sands.

The famous Barking Sands are about two miles makai of the schoolhouse and can easily be missed as they are hidden by a thicket of kamani trees. There is a great sand-hill about one hundred feet high at the base of which are a number of smaller hills overgrown with sea convolvulus and other coastal scrub.

If you sit still and wait for the sands to bark you will have to wait for a long time. They don't bark anyway, they only growl. Their name is a misnomer. To get these remarkable sands to perform it is necessary for one person to



GARDEN ISLAND PRODUCTS.

side of the Waihi gulch. Should the connection be made, however, the trail is practicable to Hanalei, a distance of about thirty miles from Waimea. The trail for a good part of the way overlooks the Waimea canyon.

Another famous trip is to Mount Waialeale, the highest peak on Kauai, having an elevation of about 5200 feet. This is a rough journey which is made via Gay's mountain-house at Koholamano, a spot high up on the Waimea ridge. The trail traverses the Mokihana country.

A Wild Country.

In the neighborhood of the Alakai swamp wild cattle and pigs used to abound. The last hunting party, however, saw none of the former and they are probably retreating to a more inaccessible and less disturbed region. Wild chickens are frequently seen near the swamp. They are a reddish fowl and crow like their barnyard forbears.

On the trail, in some parts, immense red and blue lobelias are to be seen. They grow as tall as twenty feet and then branch out and flower with candle-like effect.

The top of Kauai is a great swamp and was probably once an immense crater. This swamp feeds rivers which

be for their best interests to vote the Republican ticket and Democracy down this way is mentioned with bated breath. A job is a job in these hard times and the natives round about Waimea appear to be thoroughly aware of the fact. Of course the big men of the district, the Knudsens, Gays, Robinsons and Rices are all Republicans and what they say goes in matters political, and in all probability, in this particular instance, the means justify the end.

Private Justice.

They don't seem to have any need of regularly established courts of law on this island. If such there be they can't be often resorted to. A native told me the other day that if he was caught shooting on the land of a local magnate he would have his gun taken away from him and be taxed ten dollars without the formality of being regularly charged in a regular court.

Another instance of this kind: Passing along the road leading to the Olokele ditch I came to a gate over which was the legend, "Anyone found leaving this gate open will be fined \$25.00." I wonder what would happen to a man who committed a real offense here, say, entered a gentleman's garden without permission. I suppose that he'd be hanged, drawn and quartered, and that



"WASHDAY."

A bit of Waimea River scenery.

strange birds flit with querulous notes of alarm. Looking behind, one sees the canyon in all its majestic glory. Ahead the misty hills beckon and invite. I press on till the westerling sun warns me that there are many miles to be traversed before supper time, and after cutting a small circle in the trunk of a tree to mark the extent of my progress, I retrace my steps reluctantly, with mind fully made up, however, to some day return and go to the end of the trail which marks the ditch intake and headwaters of the stream.